

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

BIG 52 PAGES



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES



HOPALONG CASSIDY

NOVEMBER

10¢

NO. 84

IN THIS
ISSUE:

**THE DEATH
GULCH
TRAP!**



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character portrayed by GARY L. NAYLOR

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A GROUP OF WORRIED CITIZENS ASSEMBLES IN FRONT OF THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE TO DISCUSS A SERIOUS PROBLEM!

THE TORNADO KILLERS JUST ROBBED ANOTHER BANK, WHICH MEANS MUH TWIN RIVER BANK IS THE ONLY ONE IN THIS AREA THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED! BUT KNOWING HOW THEY OPERATE, I RECKON THEY'LL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH! I TELL YUH WE GOT TO BE READY FOR THEM!

WITH HOPALONG ON THE JOB, BANKER FORBES, WE'LL BE READY!

I DON'T DOUBT THAT THEY'LL ATTEMPT TO ROB THE TWIN RIVER BANK, EITHER! BUT THE THING THAT WORRIES ME IS THAT THEY'RE A GANG OF RUTHLESS KILLERS AND IF WE CORNER THEM IN TOWN---

—THEY'LL SHOOT ANYONE AND EVERYONE AROUND TO MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE! IF INNOCENT LIVES ARE TO BE SAVED, THE TORNADO KILLERS MUST BE CAPTURED BEFORE THEY REACH TWIN RIVER!

IT WOULD BE A GREAT TRICK-- ESPECIALLY SINCE NO ONE'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THEIR HIDE-OUT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, MESQUITE, HOPALONG'S DEPUTY, RIDES INTO TOWN!

MESQUITE! WHAT HAPPENED?

(GASP!) THE TORNADO KILLERS! THEY PLUGGED ME IN THE ARM!

I WUZ LUCKY TO GET AWAY FROM THEM ALIVE! I WUZ HEADING BACK FROM CANYON CITY TO TWIN RIVER AND DECIDED TO TAKE A SHORT-CUT THROUGH THUNDER CANYON'S OLD DESERTED MINING TOWN, AND THAT'S WHAR I RAN INTO THEM VARMINTS!

FORBES, GET MESQUITE TO A DOCTOR! THE REST OF YOU MEN GET YOUR HORSES AND FOLLOW ME!

WE'RE HEADING FOR THE GHOST TOWN AND A SHOWDOWN WITH THE TORNADO KILLERS!

GOOD LUCK, HOPPY! I SHORE WISH I COULD BE GOING WITH YUH!

AS THE POSSE ENTERS THUNDER CANYON'S GHOST TOWN, HOPALONG SIGNALS THE MEN TO HALT!

SPLIT UP IN GROUPS, MEN, AND MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE TOWN! REMEMBER THESE VARMINTS ARE KILLERS, SO BE ON GUARD!



BUT AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH ---

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THE WHOLE TOWN WITHOUT FINDING A SINGLE SOLITARY PERSON. IF YUH ASK ME, THE TORNADO KILLERS HEADED FER A NEW HIDE-OUT WHEN THEY REALIZED MESQUITE GOT AWAY ALIVE.

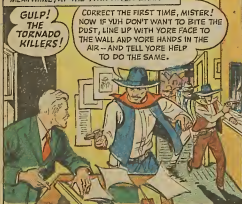
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S RIDE BACK TO TWIN RIVER!



MEANWHILE, AT THE TWIN RIVER BANK ---

GULP! THE TORNADO KILLERS!

CORRECT THE FIRST TIME, MISTER! NOW IF YUH DON'T WANT TO BITE THE DUST, LINE UP WITH YORE FACE TO THE WALL AND YORE HANDS IN THE AIR -- AND TELL YORE HELP TO DO THE SAME.



MINUTES LATER ---

OKAY, TORNADO! WE'VE CLEANED THE BANK OUT TO ITS LAST CENT!

THEN LET'S HIT THE SADDLE! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP US, SHOOT TO KILL!



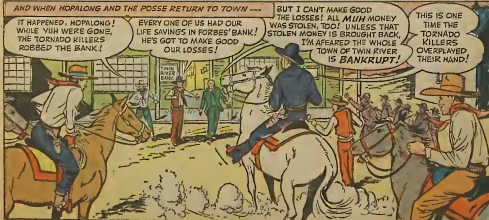
AND WHEN HOPALONG AND THE POSSE RETURN TO TOWN ---

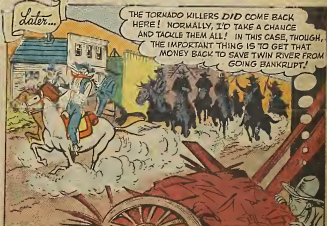
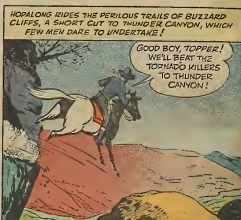
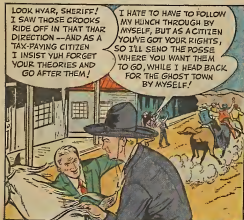
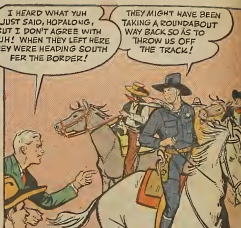
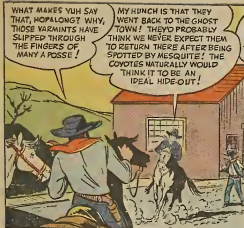
IT HAPPENED, HOPALONG! WHILE YUH WERE GONE, THE TORNADO KILLERS ROBBED THE BANK!

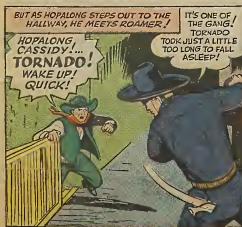
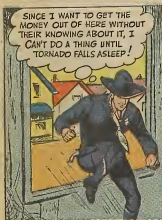
EVERY ONE OF US HAD OUR LIFE SAVINGS IN FORBES' BANK! HE'S GOT TO MAKE GOOD OUR LOSSES!

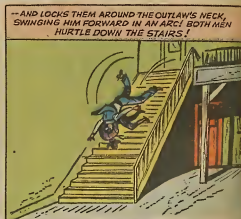
BUT I CAN'T MAKE GOOD THE LOSSES! ALL MUH MONEY WAS STOLEN, TOO! UNLESS THAT STOLEN MONEY IS BROUGHT BACK, I'M AFERAED THE WHOLE TOWN OF TWIN RIVER IS BANKRUPT!

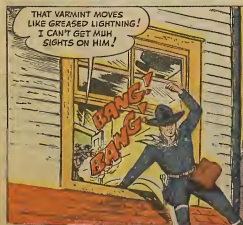
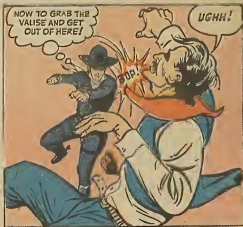
THIS IS ONE TIME THE TORNADO KILLERS OVERPLAYED THEIR HAND!

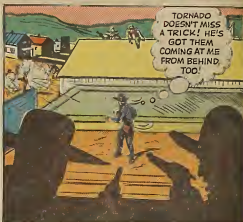
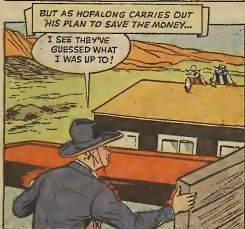
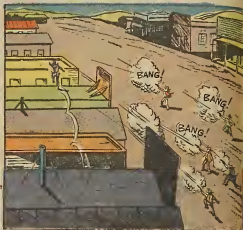
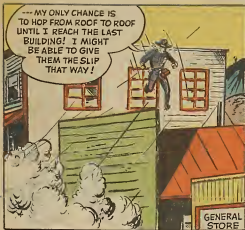


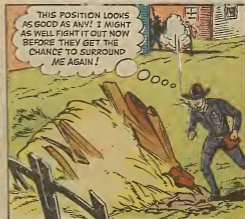












WESTERN HERO

AND ALTHOUGH BULLETS KEEP WHISTLING ALL AROUND HIM, HOPALONG REMAINS CALM AND ONE BY ONE PICKS OFF THE ENTIRE GANG OF TORNADO KILLERS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER ONE!

YUH WOUNDED ALL MUH GANG, BUT NOW I'VE GOT YUH DEAD IN MUH SIGHT --

BANG!

BUT BEFORE TORNADO CAN FIRE, HOPALONG SWIRLS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

(GROAN)
MUH HAND!

THE PRISON DOCTOR IS GOING TO HAVE A BUSY TIME PATCHING UP YOU AND YOUR GANG OF OUTLAWS!

Later...

LOOK! IT'S HOPALONG! HE'S BRINGING BACK OUR MONEY AND THE WHOLE GANG! SINGLE-HANDEDLY, TOO!

I RECKON I OWE THE SHERIFF AN APOLOGY, IT'S MUH FAULT HE HAD TO FACE ALL THOSE MURDERERS BY HIMSELF! FROM NOW ON I'LL STICK TO BANKING AND LET HOPALONG DO HIS OWN "SHERIFFING." WHEN IT COMES TO OUTTHINKING AND OUTSMARTING CRIMINALS, THERE'S NO ONE BETTER THAN HOPALONG IN THE WHOLE WEST!

FREDDY FREEMAN

COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

WESTERN HERO

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
CAPT. MARVEL JR.
IN
MASTER COMICS
AND
CAPT. MARVEL JR.
AND
THE MARVEL FAMILY
EVERY MONTH!

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NEWSSTAND!

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CAPT. MARVEL JR.



Eddie Joost

CHAMPION
SHORTSTOP
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA
ATHLETICS

NOW I CAN SEE
MYSELF
IN ACTION!

SPARKED BY JOOST'S SENSATIONAL
PLAY & TEAM SPIRIT - ATHLETICS
FINISHED IN 1ST DIVISION ('48) FOR
FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS.
EDDIE WAS AWARDED TELEVISION
SET WHEN FANS VOTED HIM "MOST
VALUABLE AND POPULAR
PHILADELPHIA PLAYER!"

SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO WITH
WHEATIES,
BOYS!

WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?

SAYS HE BATTED
.1000 IN THE
WHEATIES
LEAGUE!

CHAMPIONS START YOUNG!
EDDIE JOOST BEGAN IN
PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
WHEN ONLY 16 YEARS OLD!
HAS PLAYED EVERY
INFIELD POSITION
DURING CAREER.

EDDIE HAS 4 SONS - WANTS THEM
ALL TO BE BALL PLAYERS!

"FOR A SWELL YEAR-AROUND
TRAINING DISH, I'LL TAKE
WHEATIES ANYTIME."
SAYS CHAMPION JOOST.
A BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES -
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
- REALLY TASTES SWELL.
HANDS YOU GOOD
NOURISHMENT, TOO."

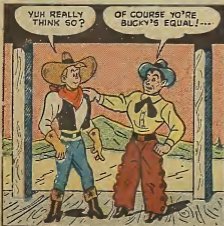
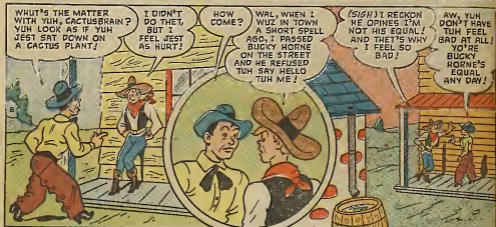
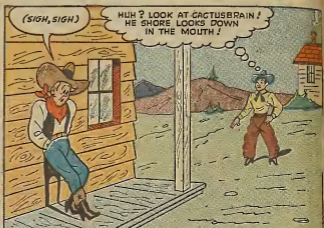
ANY OF YOU GUYS
NEED NOURISHMENT?

WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



**BANDITS BOMBED
BY BOTTLES!**

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of

SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

O-O-O-O-OH,
SAM! A
HELICOPTER
RIDE!

YEP! WITH
DWIGHT MITCHELL,
THE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
SALESMAN

WHERE DO WE SIT
WITH ALL THIS WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL... HEY,
LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE
REPORTED RACING
TOWARD THE BORDER.
POLICE WARN MOTORISTS
TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1
FOR MOTORCYCLES
PURSUING THE BANDIT
CAR.

THERE'S HIGHWAY #1
AND THERE'S A CAR
WITH MOTORCYCLES
ABOUT A MILE
BEHIND...

NOW IF THEY JUST
HAD A BLOWOUT!
THAT WOULD
STOP 'EM!

WELL, LET'S GIVE 'EM A
BLOWOUT! FLY OVER THE
ROAD AHEAD OF 'EM. MITCH.
LET'S OPEN THESE CASES
OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL.

CREAM-OIL
AWAY!

WHY SO GLUM,
SAM? THOSE
GLASS BOTTLES
STOPPED 'EM.

YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF
ALL THE GUYS WHO WON'T HAVE
HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED HAIR—
JUST BECAUSE OF ME!

POOR SAM...

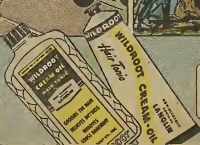
SAM SPADE ASKS:

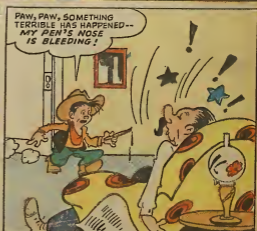
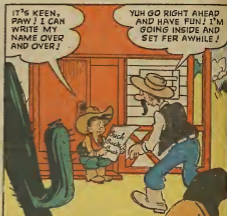
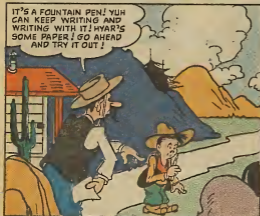
**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?**

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS
AND LOOSE, WOOLY DANDRUFF,
YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC.
—CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN.

EFFIE SAYS:

SHIRT GIRLS USE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING
AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS
BETWEEN PERMANENTS. WOMEN!
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRIM-
MING CHILDREN'S HAIR.





MONTE HALE

TOOT!

NEIGHHHH!

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, MR. HALE! THAT HORSE IS WORTH EVERY DOLLAR OF THE PRICE YOU'RE ASKING FOR HIM!

PARDNER'S THE BEST HORSE THAT EVER LIVED!

MONTE HALE... AND PARDNER!

There's a combination that is known throughout the West! No one would have believed that the day would ever come when final, poignant farewells would be said by these two! Yet here is the amazing story of what happens when...

MONTE HALE SELLS PARDNER!

MONTE HALE IS RIDING HARD AS SWIFT-FALLING NIGHT CLOAKS THE TRAIL---

MOVE, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE BAR S RANCH SOON OR WE'LL BE CAMPING OUT TONIGHT!

ABRUPTLY, THE SHARP BARK OF A WINCHESTER RIFLE CUTS THROUGH THE AIR!

BAM!

HEY!

ZING!

THE INSTANT MONTE HALE HITS THE GROUND HIS QUICK REFLEXES COME INTO PLAY. A GUN LEAPS INTO HIS HAND...



BUT HE WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!



UHP! HE SHOT THE GUN OUTTA MUH HAND!



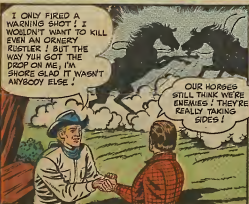
NO USE TRYING TO FIGHT! COME AND GET ME, YUH BLASTED RUSTLER!



WHY...WHY, YOU'RE NO RUSTLER! YOU'RE MONTE HALE!



I ONLY FIRED A WARNING SHOT! I WOULDN'T WANT TO KILL EVEN AN ORNERY RUSTLER! BUT THE WAY YUH GOT THE DROP ON ME, I'M SHORE GLAD IT WASN'T ANYBODY ELSE!



TAKE IT EASY, RINTY! THIS HOMBRE IS A FRIEND OF YOURS!



LATER AT THE BAR & RANCH...

WHO ARE THESE RUSTLERS YOU'RE GUNNING FOR, FRED?

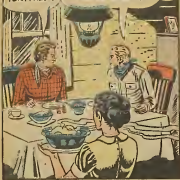
I WISH I KNEW, MONTE! MARY AND I STARTED WITH ONLY A SMALL SPREAD. WE BUILT IT UP OVER THE YEARS INTO A REAL FINE HORSE RANCH!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO WE STARTED MISSING SOME OF OUR BEST BROOD MARES AND STALLIONS! LATELY THE RUSTLERS HAVE BEEN GETTING BOLDER! THE LAST RAID CUT OUT TWENTY OF MY BEST STOCK!



I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER LOSS LIKE THAT! IT'D WIPE US OUT! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MEET THE NEXT PAYMENT ON OUR MORTGAGE DUE NEXT WEEK!

WOULD YOU MIND IF I PUT UP HERE FOR A SPELL? MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU OUT WITH THE CHORES--- AND THAT INCLUDES ANY RUSTLERS!



YUH LEATHERY OLD BRONC BUSTER! I RECKON YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO HANDLE RUSTLERS! I SHORE APPRECIATE THIS!

THANKS, FRED! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS A LONG TIME! I'D SURE HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE YOUR SPREAD!



FOR THREE NIGHTS MONTE HALE HELPS HIS FRIEND KEEP WATCH, AND THEN----

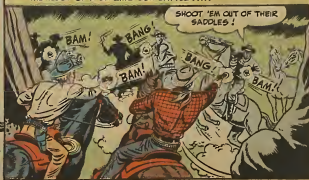


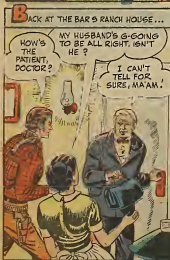
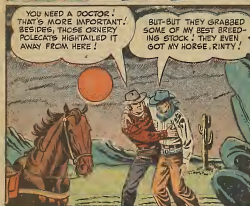
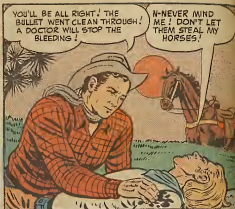
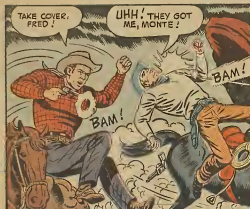
IT'S THE RUSTLERS! THEY'RE STARTING ANOTHER RAID!

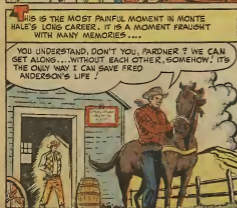
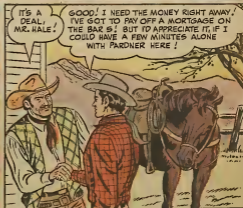
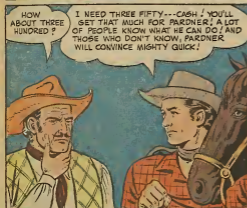
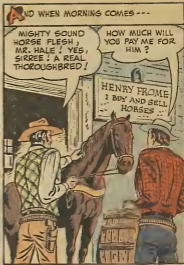
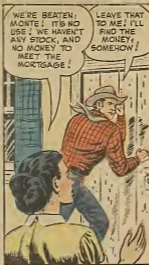
LET'S GO!

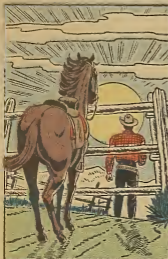


MOMENTS LATER, MONTE HALE AND HIS FRIEND RIDE HEADLONG INTO THE MIDST OF A BLAZING GUN BATTLE!...









AND THAT NIGHT...

FRED'S SLEEPING PEACEFULLY, MONTE! I TOLD HIM THAT STORY ABOUT YOUR HAVING BROUGHT BACK THE STOLEN HORSES! HE BELIEVED ME WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE MORTGAGE PAID UP!

GOOD, MARY! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'LL SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT HOW YOU REALLY RAISED THE MONEY! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU, MONTE?

IT'S NO MATTER, MARY! MR. FROME PROMISED ME THAT PARDNER WOULD GET THE BEST OF CARE! THAT'S WHAT MATTERS MOST!



THE NEXT MORNING PARDNER IS BROUGHT DOWN TO THE TERMINAL TO AWAIT SHIPMENT. SUDDENLY HE SPOTS THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF RINTY!



BEARING AND LASHING OUT WITH HIS FRONT HOOF, PARDNER ACTS THE ROLL OF AN ATTACKER AND DRIVES OFF THE MAN HOLDING RINTY---



STOP THEM, YOU FOOLS! DON'T LET THOSE HORSES GET AWAY!



BUT PARDNER AND RINTY SOON SHAKE OFF THEIR PURSUERS. STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW, PARDNER LEADS THE WAY BACK TO THE BAR 5 RANCH



MONTE, LOOK! ISN'T THAT YOUR HORSE?

I'LL SAY IT IS! AND THAT'S RINTY WITH HIM!



BUT THE RUSTLERS TOOK RINTY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW PARDNER FOUND HIM AGAIN!

THE RUSTLERS CHANGED RINTY'S BRAND---WITH A RUNNING IRON! LOOK HERE!



THEY COMPLETED THE 5 AND MADE IT AN 8! THE BAR 8 RANCH! WHY, THAT'S THE BRAND THAT HENRY FROME SHIPS UNDER!

PARDNER GUESSED THE TRUTH WHEN HE SAW RINTY! I RECKON THAT'S WHY HE HIGHTAILED IT BACK TO ME!



RIDE TO TOWN AND CALL THE SHERIFF, MARY! I'M GOING BACK WITH PARDNER TO WHERE HE CAME FROM!



AT THE TERMINAL

SEAL UP THAT HORSE CAR! GET THE TRAIN MOVING---FAST! WE'LL LEAVE WITHOUT THOSE TWO HORSES THAT ESCAPED!

WHAT'S THE RUSH, MR. FROME?



AFRAID THAT SOMEBODY'LL CHECK UP ON THOSE HORSES YOU'RE SHIPPING? THEY MIGHT FIND OUT THAT THEY'RE RUSTLED STOCK---WITH CHANGED BRANDS!

WHY, YOU---UHHH!



1. TRUE. 2. TRUE. 3. FALSE. HE MEANS
IT'S LIVELY. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

: JIMMY

ANYONE ELSE LOOKING FOR GUN TROUBLE? THIS IS THE PLACE TO FIND IT!

WE'RE NOT CRAZY, MISTER! NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SHOOT IT OUT WITH AN HOMRE WHO DRAWS LIKE YOU DO!



YOU HAD A NEAT SCHEME, FROME! YOUR HORSE TRADING BUSINESS COVERED UP THE RUSTLING GANG! YOU CHANGED BRANDS AND SHIPPED OUT STOLEN HORSES WITHOUT ANYBODY SUSPECTING WHERE YOU GOT THEM! BUT YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF WHEN YOU BOUGHT PARDNER!



I WARNED YOU PARDNER IS A SMART HORSE! WHEN HE SAW RINTY BEING SHIPPED OUT, PARDNER FIGURED OUT WHAT HAPPENED! RECKON YOUR DOWNFALL WAS CAUSED BY PLAIN OLD ORDINARY... HORSE SENSE!



LATER, WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVES TO TAKE OVER---

WE GOT BACK OUR RUSTLED STOCK, MONTE! FRED AND I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH! WHY DON'T YOU STAY WITH US ANWHILE?

THANKS KINDLY, MARY! BUT PARDNER AND I HAVE ITCHING FEET! RECKON WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN --- TOGETHER!



!!!!!! QUIZ ?!

- 1 THE MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURE, PROMETHEUS, BROUGHT FIRE TO MAN

TRUE... FALSE....



- 2 LOUISIANA ONCE BELONGED TO FRANCE.

TRUE... FALSE....



- 3 IF AN ENGLISHMAN SAYS "THE PARTY'S A SNAKE" HE MEANS IT'S ROTTEN.

TRUE... FALSE....



- 4 SINCE THE FIRST U.S. POSTAGE STAMP WAS PRINTED THERE HAVE BEEN 700 DIFFERENT TYPES ISSUED.

TRUE... FALSE...



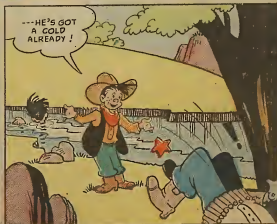
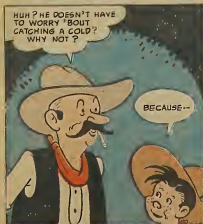
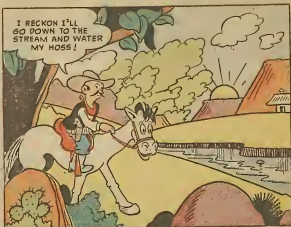
- 5 FISH CAN HEAR.

TRUE... FALSE....



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. 2. TRUE. 3. FALSE. HE MEANS IT'S LIVELY. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

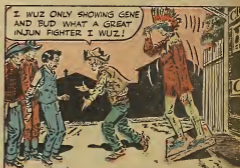


GABBY HAYES

in
**Road
TO
Glory!**

I'LL SEND YUH TO
THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUND, YUH RENEGADE
REDSKIN! I'M GABBY
HAYES, THE TOUGHEST,
ROUGHEST BUCKAROO
OF THE WESTERN
PLAINS!

GABBY HAYES' TALES
OF HIS FIGHTING
ADVENTURES HAVE
OFTEN BEEN TAKEN
BY THE CITIZENS OF
RAWHIDE AS BEING
TALL TALES! BUT GABBY
REACHES THE TRIUMPHANT
PINNACLE WHEN HE
RIDES THE
ROAD TO GLORY!

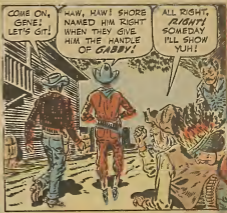




GENE! BUD! HELP!
GIT THIS INJUN
OFF ME, IDJITS!

SOME INJUN
FIGHTER, HO,
HO! GIT IT
OFF YORESELF!

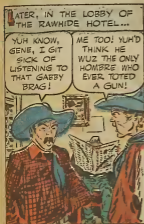
YOU WIN
THE CIGAR,
GABBY, HA!
HA!



COME ON,
GENE!
LET'S GIT!

HAW, HAW! SHORE
NAMED HIM RIGHT
WHEN THEY GIVE
HIM THE HANDLE
OF GABBY!

ALL RIGHT,
RIGHT!
SOMEDAY
I'LL SHOW
YUH!



LATER, IN THE LOBBY OF
THE RAWHIDE HOTEL...

YUH KNOW,
GENE, I GIT
SICK OF
LISTENING TO
THAT GABBY
BRAG!

ME TOO! YUH'D
THINK HE
WUZ THE ONLY
HOMBRE WHO
EVER TOTED
A GUN!



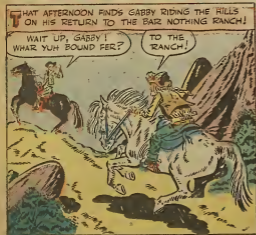
LET'S SCARE
HIM! LET'S
TELL HIM THAR
ARE RENEGADE
INJUNS ON
THE WARPATH!

BETTER YET, LET'S
GIT A COUPLE OF
OUR FRIENDS AND
ALL OF US'LL
DRESS UP LIKE
INJUNS AND JUMP
HIM!



WHAT A JOKE
THIS'LL BE!
LET'S GO!

HAAAA!
A JOKE EH?
WE'LL SEE WHO
GETS TO LAUGH!



THAT AFTERNOON FINDS GABBY RIDING THE HILLS
ON HIS RETURN TO THE BAR NOTHING RANCH!

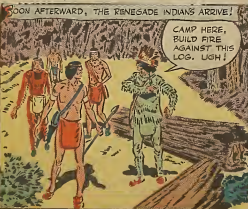
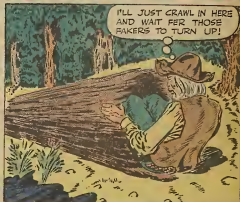
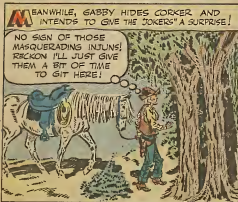
WAIT UP, GABBY!
WHAR YUH BOUND FER?

TO THE
RANCH!



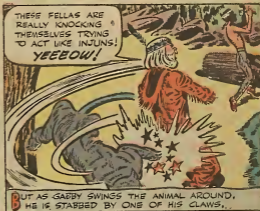
DON'T GO! THAR ARE
RENEGADE INDIANS ON
THE RIDGE. THEY'RE
ON THE WARPATH.
THEY'LL GIT YORE
SCALP!

OH, I
RECKON I
CAN HANDLE
THEM!





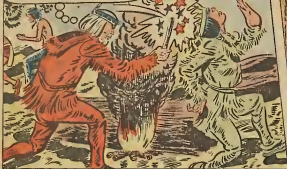




HAVING WON THEIR CONFIDENCE, GABBY JOINS THE INDIANS AS THEY CIRCLE THE FIRE IN THE MAD WAR DANCE. THEN...

MAKE FUN OF ME, EH!
NOW I'M GOOD AND MAD!
I'LL KONK THEM ALL.

BONK!



IN THE FRENZIED DANCE, GABBY KNOCKS OUT EACH INDIAN IN TURN, THEN WHISTLES FOR CORKER.

TWEEEEET!

NOW TO GET BACK MY CLOTHES FROM THE CRITTER I LEFT IN THE LOG!



I'LL HAUL YUH FELLERS INTO TOWN TO SHOW THAT NOBODY KIN MAKE A FOOL OF GABBY HAYES AND GIT AWAY WITH IT!

HEY, GABBY!
YOU ALL RIGHT?



SURE, SHERIFF. WHAT'RE YUH DOING HERE?

I CAME TO RESCUE YUH FROM A BAND OF RENEGADE INDIANS. BUT I SEE YUH DIDN'T NEED HELP. YO'RE A REAL HERO!



SHUCKS, THESE AREN'T REAL INJUNS. THEY'RE BUD AND GENE --- ULP!!

HOW COULD THEY BE US? WE'RE HERE! WE CAME WITH THE SHERIFF!



REAL RENEGADE INJUNS!!!! OHHHHHHHH...





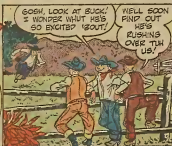
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comics, fortunes, facts

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1¢



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THE POACHERS

A RED ROAN Adventure

by Dick Kraus



RED ROAN stood high on the mountain-side, a crisp breeze whipping through his scarlet mane and tail. The great stallion's eyes were intent on a trail that wound through the underbrush far below. There he saw three men, carrying packs and rifles on their backs, clambering up the steep slope. Red Roan was troubled, for he knew these men did not belong there.

Three weeks before, the crimson-coated bronc had led his herd into this broad stretch of the San Marcos range. He knew that this was a government game preserve, a place where hunting was forbidden, where deer and bear, and even the great big-horn sheep, might live in peace. Then what were these three men doing here with their guns, Red Roan wondered.

As the three husky, heavily-armed men hiked up the trail, they laughed and joked among themselves.

"While that forest ranger's wasting his time down around Los Puntos," one of them scoffed, "we'll pick up all the game we want in jig time. It sure was a good idea, sending him that note telling about poachers . . . thirty miles from here!"

The other men laughed and rubbed unshaven cheeks.

"Mebbe so, Crock," one of them agreed. "But how about when we've shot a passel of deer? How do we get the venison down out of the hills afore it spoils? Be mighty heavy toting!"

The first man grinned again. "Leave it to Crock Riley," he said. "This country's full of wild horses. We'll sneak up on 'em and rope a couple. Use 'em for pack horses going down . . . and then sell 'em! You'll see."

Breathing heavily, the three men toiled up the slope. Soon they would be deep in the heavily-wooded forests of the San Marcos slope where unsuspecting deer grazed. And, a few hundred yards beyond, were the beginnings of the steep cliffs and jagged crags where the big-horn sheep lived.

It would be rich hunting, and they grunted in anticipation.

Watching them, Red Roan sensed that he would have to act swiftly to keep his herd of mares and colts safe. Rejoining the grazing herd, he whinnied a swift order. The wild

horses lifted their heads, understood his command, and followed him at a rapid trot, as he led them away from the climbing poachers. When they were five miles away, Red Roan decided that they were out of danger and he let them stop again to graze.

Through that day and the next, the crimson stallion heard the grim report of distant rifles.

He knew that the poachers were slaying game ruthlessly, and he knew that he must keep the herd away from them.

But what he did not know was that, while hunting on the crags, one of the men had spied his herd and made a note on its position.

The next morning, as Red Roan led the herd toward a water spring that bubbled from the side of the mountain, he did not notice three figures that crouched behind a huge boulder a few yards from the spring. On came the thirsty herd, with the graceful stallion leading them. At the last moment, Red Roan's sensitive nostrils quivered.

Man-smell!

REARING back in alarm, Red Roan whinnied a desperate warning. At once the herd scattered, darting in every direction. But the poachers sprang from behind the boulder, long lariats snaking through the air.

"Get 'em, boys! Don't let 'em get away!"

In a moment, two of the mares had been roped!

Laughing, the poachers wound their lassos around slender trees that served as snubbing posts. Each holding a club, they pulled the frightened mares in, roughly quieted them, and fitted halters over their heads.

"They're skittish and mean," Crock Riley grunted. "But keep a stick handy and they won't give us any trouble. They'll pack the deer meat down out of the hills—and they'll fetch us a few dollars afterward. Boys, we're in luck!"

As the poachers led the captured mares in the direction of their deer meat cache, Red Roan followed at a distance.

He had left the rest of the herd, assembled once again, to graze.

But he had to see what would happen to the captured mares. For, the great stallion told himself, it was his fault they had been roped, his

fault that the herd had moved into the trap. Knowing that poachers were shooting in the hills, he should have taken his mares and colts many miles away, completely out of danger!

So he followed, a good distance behind, but his dark eyes and keen ears were alert to any chance of escape!

RED ROAN was not the only worried one in the San Marcos hills that day.

For, clambering up the preserve trail was a slim, sun-tanned youth in the green uniform of a forest ranger. Days before, Tom Bayles had received an anonymous note, telling him about a crew of poachers operating far to the south at Los Puntos. Somehow, he had distrusted the warning.

"Why wasn't the note signed, if someone wrote it who really wanted to stop poaching?" the ranger had asked himself. "Maybe it's a wrong steer, someone trying to send me to the wrong spot in the hills!"

Acting on a hunch, ranger Bayles had decided to take a look in the preserve, not at Los Puntos, but to the north, where game was thicker.

"But so far," he muttered to himself, "I haven't seen a sign of hunters. Maybe I've made a mistake and let a gang of poachers get away."

Pausing on a high, outcropping rock, the ranger fitted field glasses to his eyes. Slowly, carefully, he swung the glasses over the mountain range, searching every corner, every cranny. He saw nothing. Again, even more painstakingly, he tried. Then—

"Why, that must be Red Roan's wild horse herd down there," he mused. "But where's the red stallion himself? It isn't like him to leave the herd."

Putting the glasses away, Tom Bayles began to clamber over the steeply angled slope. Then he stopped short. For there, less than three hundred yards from him, was Red Roan, moving slowly through the underbrush. Cautiously, the great stallion was staying near cover as much as possible and he was obviously watching something, or someone, ahead of him. Something—or someone—important enough to make him leave his herd!

Tom Bayles slapped his thigh hard.

"I wonder!" he said. Then he loosened his Colt in its leather holster. "It's just worth investigating." He began to move downhill.

AN HOUR LATER, Crock Riley and the other two poachers reached their mountain camp. Several deer carcasses and one magnifi-

cent big-horn head were tied to branches around the tent.

"Nice going!" Crock grinned. He rubbed his hands together. "Let's tie the venison onto the pack horses and get out of the preserve. No sense tempting fate too long!"

"You've tempted it too long already!" came a cold, hard voice.

In amazement, the poachers whirled. There, standing by a hemlock tree, was Tom Bayles, the forest ranger.

"So you found us," husked Crock Riley. "Well, too bad for you, because you're not sending us to jail!"

His hand whipped toward his gun belt. But the ranger's draw was even swifter. His slender hand blurred into action, there was the brief glint of a gray gun barrel coming up, and a single shot echoed over the mountainside.

Gasping in pain, Riley clutched his arm. His gun dropped to the ground.

"That's better," said Tom Bayles quietly. "You two take your guns by the barrels and pitch them over here. Careful, unless you want the same!"

As the unnerved poachers obeyed, the ranger went on, his voice low and expressionless. "Some folks can't leave well enough alone. Here you shot a batch of deer and a prize big-horn sheep. You probably would have gotten away with that. But then you made a mistake. You captured a couple of mares from Red Roan's herd! So he followed you. And I came across him . . . and followed him."

One of the men began a bitter exclamation, then tightened his lips and was silent.

"All right, now!" said the ranger briskly. "Take the halters off those two mares and let them go! Time they were back with the herd!"

"B-but—" one of the poachers stammered, "how about the venison? You're not leaving it here to rot, are you? How'll we get it down without them?"

TOM BAYLES smiled even more broadly. "No, I'm not leaving it here to rot. I'll need it for evidence against you three!" He pointed with his thumb to the deer carcasses. "You're carrying them down to town on your back! Big-horn head and all! I reckon that'll cure you of poaching . . . for all time!"

THE END

RED ROAN'S adventures are featured in every issue of WESTERN HERO!

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW

"TURN OVER A NEW LEAF"

YUH HEARD ME, BASIL! IF YUH DON'T GET THESE HYAR LEAVES OUTTA HERE BEFORE MORNING, IM AGONNA LOCK YUH UP! THEY'RE FLYING ALL OVER THE STREET!

BUT, SHERIFF, IM WORN OUT FROM WORKING IN THE MINES ALL DAY! I CANT START RAKING LEAVES NOW!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING, LITTLE ARROW! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



WELL, YUH BETTER! THESE LEAVES HAVE GOT TUH BE OUT OF HERE BY MORNING!

O.K., SHERIFF!



IF YOU LIKE, WE CLEAN LEAVES AWAY FOR SOME WAMPUM!

SAY, THAT WOULD BE GREAT! I'LL GIVE YUH A COUPLE OF BUCKS! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS PUT THEM IN A SACK!



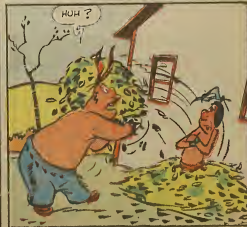
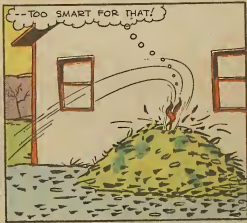
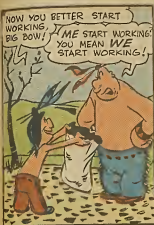
IT'S A DEAL!

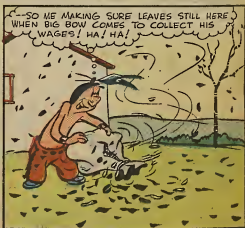
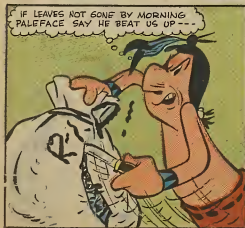
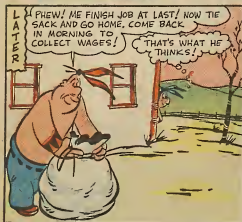
GOOD! IN THE MORNING I'LL BURN THE SACK OF LEAVES AND PAY YOU AT THE SAME TIME! NOW IM GOING TO SLEEP! BUT REMEMBER, NO LOAFING ON THE JOB! IF THOSE LEAVES AREN'T OUT OF HYAR BY MORNING, I'LL HAVE TUH PAY A FINE ---



--- AND YUH'LL HAVE TUH PAY FER HOSPITAL BILLS! YUH'LL HAVE THEM AFTER I GET T THROUGH BEATING YUH UP!







NOW ME COME BACK IN MORNING
SO CAN SEE FUN!



THE NEXT MORNING--

AH, THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE ARROW!
ME SORRY ABOUT WAY ME TREAT YOU
YESTERDAY! AFTER ALL, WE FRIENDS
SO ME DECIDE TO GIVE YOU HALF
MONEY EVEN THOUGH YOU
NO DO WORK!



HUH?

TO SHOW NO FOOLING, ME EVEN
LET YOU COLLECT MONEY!



AH! THERE YUH ARE! I HOPE YUH REALIZE I
HAD TUH PAY THE SHERIFF A TEN-DOLLAR
FINE ON ACCOUNT OF YUH!



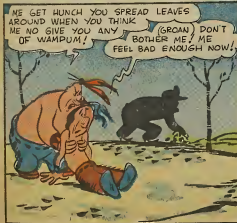
I WARNED YUH I'D BEAT
YUH UP IF YUH FELL DOWN
ON THE JOB!

ME NO UNDERSTAND!
ME CLEAN UP ALL
LEAVES!

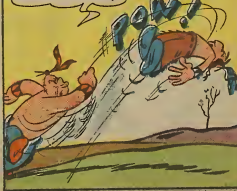


ME GET HUNCH YOU SPREAD LEAVES
AROUND WHEN YOU THINK
ME NO GIVE YOU ANY
OF WAMPUM!

(GROAN) DON'T
BOTHER ME! ME
FEEL BAD ENOUGH NOW!



MAYBE YOU FEEL BAD ENOUGH NOW, BUT
GOING TO FEEL EVEN WORSE WHEN ME
FINISH WITH YOU!



TOM MIX

and THE DEATH GULCH TRAP



IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST THERE WERE MANY UNSCRUPULOUS CHARACTERS WHO SOLD WORTHLESS LAND! BUT THESE WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO THE RUTHLESS MURDERERS WHO, AFTER SELLING LAND THAT DIDN'T EXIST, PLANNED A FIENDISH DEATH FOR THEIR VICTIMS, SO AS TO KEEP THEIR SCHEME WORKING! **TOM MIX** FINDS HIMSELF INVOLVED IN ONE OF HIS MOST MALE-RAISING, SPINE-TINGLING AND DANGEROUS ADVENTURES!

AT THE LARSON AND BOSWELL REAL ESTATE OFFICE IN CINDER CITY....

HERE'S THE DEED TO THE PIECE OF LAND YUH JUST BOUGHT, RONALDS!

IT TOOK MUH LAST CENT TO BUY IT, LARSON, BUT IF THE LAND'S AS GOOD AS YUH SAY, IT'S WORTH IT! NOW HOW DO I GIT THAR?

ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THIS MAP ON YORE DEED! IT'LL LEAD YUH RIGHT TO YORE PROPERTY! BUT---

--JUST TO MAKE SURE YUH DON'T GIT LOST, YUH CAN ADD YORE WAGON TO THIS COVERED WAGON TRAIN WHICH MUH PARTNER BOSWELL AND OUR GUIDE, SMILEY, IS LEADING TO DOBIE!

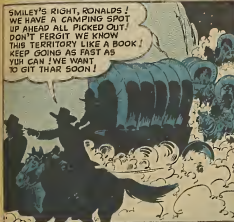
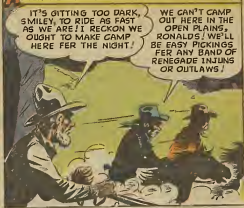
THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE ALL THESE OTHER FAMILIES HAVE BOUGHT PROPERTY NEAR YORES, IT'LL GIVE YUH A CHANCE TO GIT ACQUAINTED WITH YORE NEW NEIGHBORS!



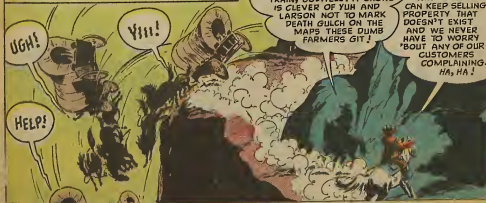
THE EARLY RAYS OF DAWN FIND THE PIONEERS STARTING ON THEIR JOURNEY TO THEIR NEW HOME!

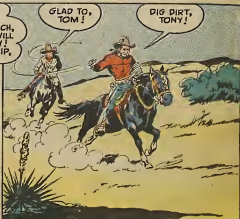
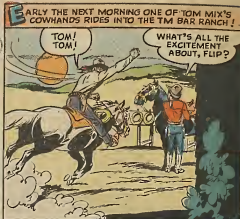


AFTER WEARY HOURS OF CONSTANT TRAVELLING!

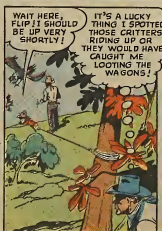


THROUGH THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF THE PLAINS, THE WAGONS WEND THEIR WAY! SUDDENLY....



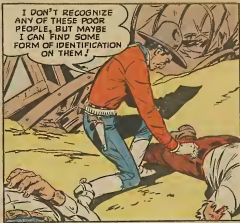


TOM MIX AND FLIP TAKE VARIOUS SHORT-CUTS CUTTING THROUGH THE HILLS TO DEATH GULCH!

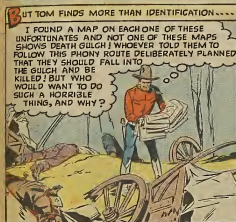




GULP! NO WONDER ALL THESE BUZZARDS ARE FLOCKING HERE!

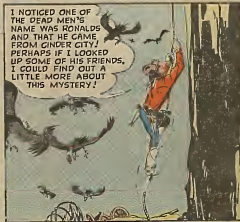


I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE POOR PEOPLE, BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME FORM OF IDENTIFICATION ON THEM!

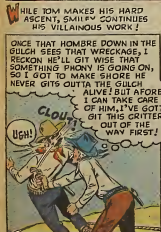


BUT TOM FINDS MORE THAN IDENTIFICATION....

I FOUND A MAP ON EACH ONE OF THESE UNFORTUNATES AND NOT ONE OF THESE MAPS SHOWS DEATH GULCH! WHOEVER TOLD THEM TO FOLLOW THIS PHONY ROUTE DELIBERATELY PLANNED THAT THEY SHOULD FALL INTO THE GULCH AND BE KILLED! BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO DO SUCH A HORRIBLE THING, AND WHY?



I NOTICED ONE OF THE DEAD MEN'S NAME WAS RONALDS AND THAT HE CAME FROM GINGER CITY! PERHAPS IF I LOOKED UP SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, I COULD FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS MYSTERY!



WHILE TOM MAKES HIS HARD ASCENT, SMILEY CONTINUES HIS VILLAINOUS WORK!

ONCE THAT HOMBRE DOWN IN THE GULCH SEES THAT WRECKAGE, I RECKON HE'LL GIT WISE THAT SOMETHING PHONY IS GOING ON, SO I GOT TO MAKE SHORE HE NEVER GITS OUTTA THE GULCH ALIVE! BUT AFORE I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM, I'VE GOTTA GIT THIS CRITTER OUT OF THE WAY FIRST!



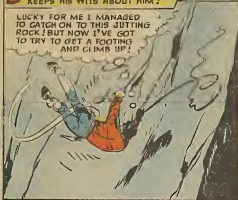
THE ROPE'S CUT! IT'S THE END OF THAT CRITTER BELOW! NOW I RECKON I BETTER GIT BACK TO LARSON AND BOSWELL AND TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED!



THE ROPE SNAPPED!

BUT EVEN IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH, TOM KEEPS HIS WITS ABOUT HIM!

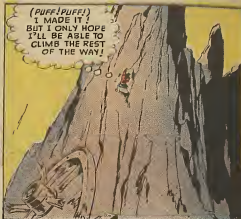
LUCKY FOR ME I MANAGED TO CATCH ON TO THIS JUTTING ROCK! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET A FOOTING AND CLIMB UP!



CAUTIOUSLY PICKING OUT EACH FOOTING, TOM SLOWLY SCALES THE DANGEROUS CLIFF, DISREGARDING THE PAIN FROM HIS BRUISED ARMS AND LEGS!

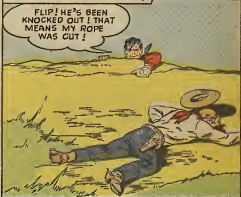


(PUFF! PUFF!)
I MADE IT!
BUT I ONLY HOPE
I'LL BE ABLE TO
CLIMB THE REST
OF THE WAY!



AN HOUR LATER, WITH BLEEDING, SKINNED HANDS, TOM FINALLY MAKES IT!

FLIP! HE'S BEEN
KNOCKED OUT! THAT
MEANS MY ROPE
WAS CUT!



REASSURED BY FLIP THAT HE'S PHYSICALLY FIT TO MAKE THE RETURN TRIP BACK TO THE TM BAR RANCH, TOM STARTS FOR GINDER CITY!

BE CAREFUL, TOM!
YORE HANDS ARE
BADLY TORN!

I'M ALL RIGHT, FLIP! TAKE
CARE OF YOURSELF! I'VE GOT
TO GO TO GINDER CITY,
FOR I'M CERTAIN
THE ANSWER TO
THIS MYSTERY
LIES THERE!

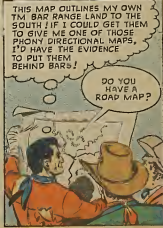
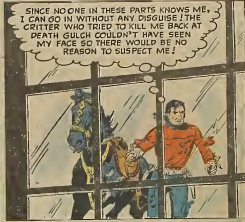
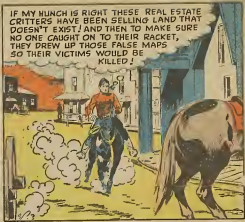


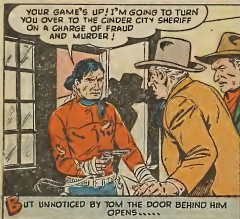
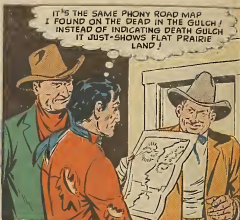
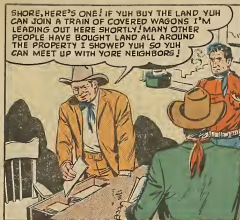
LATER, IN GINDER CITY....

YUP, I KNEW
A RANNY NAMED
RONALDS, BUT HE
DOESN'T LIVE AROUND
THESE HYAR PARTS
ANY MORE! HE BOUGHT
SOME LAND SOUTH OF
DOBIE FROM LARSON
AND BOSWELL AND
MOVED ON!

BOUGHT SOME
LAND SOUTH OF DOBIE?
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING!
PARTICULARLY SINCE
THERE'S NO UNSETTLED
LAND LEFT IN THOSE
PARTS!







MEANWHILE, IN THE BACK OF LARSON'S LEAD COVERED WAGON, TOM MIX HAS BEEN STRUGGLING TO FREE HIMSELF!



IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR ME THEY DIDN'T REMOVE MY SPURS! IT TOOK A LONG TIME BUT I'M FINALLY RIPPING MY WAY OUT OF THE SACK!



NOW TO CUT THE ROPES AND MAKE THE DRIVER STOP THIS WAGON BEFORE IT GOES PLUNGING DOWN INTO DEATH GULCH! THAT RUSTY SCYTHE IN THE CORNER SHOULD DO THE TRICK ON THESE ROPES!



WHILE TOM RACES AGAINST TIME IN THE BACK OF THE WAGON....



HYAR'S WHAR I LEAVE THIS WAGON--

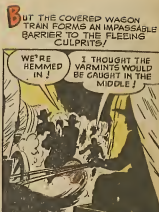
AND AS TOM FREES HIMSELF AND RUSHES TO THE DRIVER'S SEAT....



(GULP) ANOTHER INCH AND THOSE HORSES WILL GO PLUNGING DOWN INTO DEATH GULCH--CARRYING THIS WAGON WITH THEM!

IT'S TOO LATE TO TRY TO SIGNAL THE OTHER WAGONS TO STOP! I'VE GOT TO PULL THESE HORSES BACK OR THE WHOLE TRAIN WILL GO OVER THE EDGE!





TOM UNSEATS THE RIDERS BEFORE THEY RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE!



TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY AT 5:45 P. M.

DYNAMIC
ACTION
WITH YOUR FAVORITE
WESTERN COMICS
HERO

Pursued by the Pirates

A DREAMLAND DRAMA... FEATURING "RED" WALKER

RIGHT AFTER READING A BOOK ABOUT BLOODTHIRSTY BUCCANERS, "RED" DROPS INTO DREAMLAND...



LOOK, CAP'N!
A STOWAWAY!

SEIZE THE RED-
HEADED RASCAL! HE
MAY BE A KING'S
SPY!

LUCKY I'VE GOT
ON MY **BALL-
BAND SPORTS
SHOES...** THIS
MAST IS
SLIPPERY!

COME DOWN,
YE REDHEADED
MONKEY!

PSST! I'LL MAKE
A BARGAIN WITH
YE, RED. GIVE ME
THOSE SPORTS
SHOES AND I'LL
PUT IN A WORD
TO TH' CAP'N
FOR YE!

NO
SIREE!

"—MY BALL-BANDS HAVE THE
BUILT-IN SPEED AND COMFORT
I'LL **NEVER** GIVE UP!"

ONLY BALL-BAND
HAS THE
EXCLUSIVE
ARCH-GARD

ARCH-GARD GIVES THE
LONG ARCH NEEDED
SUPPORT FOR MORE
COMFORT AND GREATER
PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD
CUSHIONS THE
HEEL AND EASES
RUNNING AND
JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE
METATARSAL ARCH TO PREVENT
TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLES.



YOU ASKED FOR
IT, RED... HIT
THE DECK!

HIT THE DECK!
TIME TO
GET UP!

GOSH, WHAT A DREAM!
SAY, MIKE, TAKE A LOOK
UNDER THE BED AND
SEE IF MY **BALL-BANDS**
ARE STILL THERE,
WILL YA?

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-- SIGN
OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS
SHOES-- IN THE STORE AND ON
THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



Ball TRADE MARK **Band**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1901

MISHAWAKA, IND.



CLUB MEMBERS AND FANS ! LOOK WHAT'S HERE ! A BRAND NEW, HANDSOMELY DESIGNED SWEATER MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT THOUSANDS OF FANS HAVE ASKED FOR. MADE OF FINEST QUALITY, 100% VIRGIN WOOL AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Only \$3.95 each!

Money refunded if not satisfied.

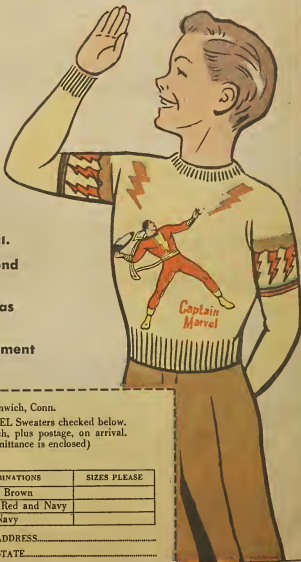
CAPTAIN MARVEL woven right into sweater.

Send no money—pay postman on arrival.

Beauty and value beyond description.

Ideal Birthday and Xmas Gifts.

Sold by leading department stores.



CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB • Greenwich, Conn.

Please send CAPTAIN MARVEL Sweaters checked below.
I will pay postman \$3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.
(We pay postage if remittance is enclosed)

Comes in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

| HOW MANY | COLOR COMBINATIONS | SIZES PLEASE |
|----------|---------------------------|--------------|
| | MAIZE, Red and Brown | |
| | LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy | |
| | White, Red and Navy | |

NAME..... ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

Girls
Boys

GET YOUR PRIZE

This Easy Way



American made Pocket Watch. Leather fob—good luck charm. Sell one order.

TOOL KIT



ROY ROGERS CAP PISTOL

With Holster, Belt and Lariat. Sell one order.

DRESSER SET



A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your choice of Boy's or Girl's Model. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

HI BOB, THAT'S A SWELL CAMERA—BUT GON'T THEY COST A LOT?

THEY DO—BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T COST ME A CENT.



IT DIDN'T? HOW COME?

I SOLD XMAS PACKS TO MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT 10¢ EACH.

MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.

SHOW HOME MOVIES



Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$3.50.

BASKETBALL



DICK TRACY CAMERA

A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs

PHONOGRAPH



The sensational new Remote Control Toy Car. Fun for everyone. Sell one order.



THAT SOUNDS EASY. HOW COULD I GET STARTED?

JUST MAIL THE COUPON. SEND NO MONEY. THEY TRUST YOU.

ELECTRIC TRAIN



Your choice of Bride or Bride-maid Doll. Sell one order of Xmas Packs

ERECTOR SET



Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order of Xmas Packs

TABLE TENNIS



For Boys & girls. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

LAYER:

SEE, IT REALLY WAS EASY! OUR PRIZES CAME ALREADY!

I'M PROUD OF YOU BOTH.

JEWELRY



A fast shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

ALSO

CHEMISTRY SET



for Boys and Girls. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$2.00.

ARCHERY SET



Full Size musical instrument with Gene Autry's Signature. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$5.00.

HERE IS A GIFT FOR YOUR MOTHER



LOOK THEM OVER—TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Christmas Packs at 10¢ each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take 1/5 cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW. . . What a thrill you'll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they're all so easy to get.

Mail the coupon today for Christmas Packs and that BIG PRIZE BOOK, tell us what prize you want.

OUR 31st YEAR SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

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City _____

State _____



**"I'LL HELP YOU
GET A DAISY FOR
CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!"**
—Red Ryder

READ THIS QUICK... Then MAIL COUPON BELOW!

**DAISY 800-SHOT RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE**

(Licensed by Stephen Stanger, N.Y.)

Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy gun. Carbine Ring with Leather Thong attached. Red Ryder name, horse, branded on stock.

\$4.95



**The
Beautiful
NEW DAISY
TARGETTE**

**SAFE
TABLE TARGET
PISTOL SET**

Safe, yet pistol shoots accurately to 10 feet. For adult guest entertainment, family fun, target practice indoors! Set has Silver Chrome Plated Targeter Pistol, plastic Shooting Gallery, 7 permanent "spinning" targets, two sets of special .315 caliber (tiny BBs) shot. Pistol "cradles" in



No. 320

**No. 320
COMPLETE
SET ONLY
\$4.95**

Gallery, shot cans fit its "feet". Complete, only \$4.95. (If Dealer hasn't it, send \$3 direct to Daisy, Dept. T-9, we'll ship Targette Set postpaid. Satisfaction or money back. Sorry, no Canadian orders accepted.)

No. 118—DAISY TARGETTEER AIR PISTOL OUTFIT

Famous Mined Targeteer Pistol, Target Cards, 2 metal spinners, 1 tube "Tiny BB" shot. Carton is target backdrop. Safe. Accurate to 10 feet. Ideal indoors

fun gun. Only \$2.95. (If Dealer hasn't it, send \$3 to Daisy, Dept. T-9, we'll ship Outfit postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. No Canadian orders accepted.)

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Boys, shoot a Daisy B-B Gun for the world's greatest thrill, most fun at lowest cost, finest training in safety, coordination, character building! Ask Dad to buy you one now from your Daisy dealer. Tell Dad you're anxious to learn now how to safely handle and shoot the accepted, spring-air Daisy B-B Gun—used by millions of boys safely during the past sixty-one years. Mail coupon today for your Free Christmas Reminder Kit. Then, if Dad doesn't get you a Daisy now—the Kit will help you get one for Christmas!



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only \$7.50**

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No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

A 50-shot, pump-action repeater. Beautiful "gold"-engraved jacket.

\$6.95

**No. 100
DAISY SINGLE SHOT**

Muzzle loader. Ideal for younger boys.



Prices slightly higher in Rockies, West, and Canada

Do not order guns or Bull Eye Shot direct from factory—SEE YOUR DEALER

**Send for Your
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Mail coupon, unused 3c stamp—we'll mail prepaid your big free, copyrighted CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT—to reach you about Nov. 15. Kit should help "sell" your parents on getting the Daisy you want for Christmas—as it has already helped THOUSANDS. Hurry!

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1289 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.**

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover Kit mailing cost. Please send Daisy's big, copyrighted CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT postpaid, to reach me about Nov. 15.

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